

Our Dumb Animals.

"WE SPEAK FOR THOSE WHO



CANNOT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES."

"I would not enter on my list of friends,
Though graced with polished manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility, the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm."—[Cowper.

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Our Dumb Animals.

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"HE THINKS HE IS GOING TO DIE OF HYDROPHOBIA."

This was the remark of a young man who came into our office last month to inquire about an article we had once published on this dreaded disease. He stated that a friend of his had been bitten by a dog, and his "friends" had frightened him almost into madness by telling him of the danger of hydrophobia. We gave him the evidence in our possession and trust it tended to relieve the mind of his friend.

Below we give extracts from a letter on this subject, lately published in the "Philadelphia Press" by Mrs. Caroline E. White, President of the Women's Branch, which ought to help to put at rest the prevailing fears:

MAD DOGS.

"As the heat of summer advances, the danger from rabid dogs increases." It is certainly time, in view of all that has lately been said and written upon the subject, that this old superstition with regard to mad dogs should be done away with, or at any rate that the public press, which we expect to be the censor and purifier of the manners and morals of the people, should not lend itself to keeping alive unjust and cruel prejudices. In the spring of last year a convention was held in Paris of the medical profession throughout Europe, and all the newest discoveries of the greatest lights among the disciples of Escu-

lapius were discussed and made public. The result of their investigations in the disease called hydrophobia were as follows: *First.* Hydrophobia is a disease of very rare occurrence. *Second.* It is more common in winter than in summer. *Third.* The use of the muzzle is calculated to induce hydrophobia. In a lecture delivered on this subject in Baltimore, last summer, the lecturer, a gentleman who had, no doubt, devoted much time and attention to the study of this disease, repeats the above mentioned facts, and adds: "Fits are a certain sign that hydrophobia does not exist in the animal suffering from them." In a recent address by S. Weir Mitchell, M. D., he affirms it to be the result of all investigations that hydrophobia was more likely to occur in winter than in summer. Now, with regard to the first statement of the convention of physicians in France, that hydrophobia is very rarely met with, we have abundant facts in our own experience to support that theory. The late President of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, S. Morris Waln, examined the books of the Pennsylvania Hospital from the time of its foundation, about ninety years ago, to the present time, and, in the record of maladies which had existed there, found *one* case of hydrophobia.* The dog-catchers of our city, who are constantly coming into contact with the dogs, and who (before our Society substituted nets for the lassos in use for their apprehension) were bitten every few days, sometimes in a very severe manner, never knew a case of hydrophobia among their number, nor was there ever even a report of such nature. Surely, if the bite of a dog is so exceedingly to be dreaded, these men who are bitten so often ought to experience the dire effects resulting therefrom.

* The "Philadelphia Age" in republishing this letter says:

"The local items of the newspapers of this city always teem with accounts of mad dogs at this season; but every intelligent observer and every standard writer holds the opinion that the malady is rare, if, indeed, it is ever met with, in a human subject. We believe that the newspapers, and we take our share of the blame, have more to do with producing cases of hydrophobia than the dogs have. We foster a popular superstition, which often causes nervous people to die of fright now from imaginary hydrophobia, as they did in former times from imaginary witchcraft."

* This record covered 28,000 admissions.—Ed.

But as some of our readers may be bitten and may think they are going to have hydrophobia, it is well to have a remedy at hand to keep the mind quiet, so we publish the following:

To cure the bite of a mad dog.—The "Baptist Watchman" says:—"Franklin Dyer, a highly respectable and intelligent farmer of Galena, Kent Co., Md., gives the following as a sure cure for the bite of a mad dog:—Elecampane is a plant well known to most persons, and is to be found in many of our gardens. Immediately after being bitten, take one and a half ounce of the root of the plant—the green roots are perhaps preferable, but the dried will answer, and will be found in our drug stores, as was used by me; slice or bruise, put into a pint of fresh milk, boil down to a half pint, strain, and when cold drink it, fasting at least six hours afterward. The next morning repeat the dose, fasting, using two ounces of the root. On the third morning take third dose, prepared as the last, and this will be sufficient. It is recommended that after each dose nothing be eaten for at least six hours. I have a son who was bitten by a mad dog eighteen years ago, and four other children in the neighborhood were also bitten; they took the above doses, and are alive and well to this day. And I have known a number of others who were bitten and applied the same remedy."

The "Age," in another spicy editorial, says:—

We believe the whole subject is encrusted with the grossest superstition, from which the press and the faculty ought to relieve it. Many cases of *mania-a-potu*, lock-jaw, and other diseases have been gravely ascribed to ancient dog-bites, four, five and even twenty years old. They might as well have been ascribed to ancient mosquito bites. There are many diseases that produce the symptoms ascribed to hydrophobia, especially the difficulty in swallowing, which is "the fear of water," signified by the word hydrophobia. The effect of the imagination is quite powerful enough to kill persons of a nervous temperament, as many cases have proved. Tell a man gravely that he has swallowed a deadly poison, and he will be very likely to feel and exhibit the effects of it. Let a whole community assure a man who has been bitten by a dog that he must, sooner or later, exhibit signs of hydrophobia, and the pressure on him to do so is very strong; in some temperaments it is irresistible. Among the grosser superstitions afloat, is the notion that, if a dog goes mad *after* he has bitten a man, the malady will revert to him. Another is that it is lawful to kill a man who is suspected of

hydrophobia. A murder of this kind was perpetrated lately at Jamaica, Long Island. We wish the faculty would cut loose entirely from old women's stories on this subject, and rigidly investigate every case that comes under their notice. What analogy is there in nature, to a virus lying dormant in the human system for many years, and increasing in violence, till, at last, it destroys life? All venomous bites from animals produce speedy effects, or none at all; it is only the saliva of a dog that is said to be such a slow poison that its effects are fatal at the end of ten, twenty, or even forty years—for absurdity has even reached that limit!

TAME CODFISH.

Mr. Buckland, in a recent number of *Land and Water*, gives an interesting account of a visit paid by him to a pond containing tame codfish at Port Logan, Wigtownshire. The property in question belongs to a gentleman by the name of McDougall, and consists of an amphitheatre about one hundred feet in diameter, hollowed out of the solid rock by the sea. All egress from this is prevented by a barrier of loose stones, through which water passes freely. On approaching the shore of the pond, many codfish of great size were seen; and when a servant-woman who had charge of the fish, approached with some mussels, the surface of the water was perfectly alive with the struggling fish. They came close to the edge, and after a little while permitted Mr. Buckland to take hold of them, scratch them on the back, and play with them in various ways. Among other experiments tried by him was that of holding a mussel in his hand, and allowing the fish to swallow his hand in the effort to obtain the mussel. These fish furnish to the proprietor an ample supply of excellent food, the flavor being considered much superior to that of the cod taken in the open sea.

Whenever needed for the table, a selection can readily be made from the most promising at hand, and the fish secured without any difficulty.

A correspondent of *Land and Water*, referring to this account of the codfish at Port Logan, remarks that when he visited the pond, fifty years ago, there was a blind codfish in the pond, which the woman who had the pond in charge used to feed with limpets taken from the rock. When this fish came to the surface with the others, she caught it in her fingers, sat down with it upon a stool, having a pail of the limpets, shelled, in her lap, with which she fed it out of an iron spoon, the fish seeming to enjoy it very much. After feeding, she returned it to the pond. The writer avers this to be a fact, although he evidently scarcely expects it to be believed.—*Harper's Magazine*.

TIE HIS EAR.—A groom, mounted on a high mettel hunter, entered the High Street of Coldstream and when opposite Sir John Majoribanks' monument the horse began to plunge and rear to a fearful extent, swerving to the right and then to the left, but go forward he would not, nor could all the exertions of the groom overcome his obstinacy. The street was filled with people expecting to see the animal destroy himself on the spikes of the iron railing round the monument, when Mr. McDougall, saddler, walked up to the groom and said, "I think, my man, you are not taking the proper method to make the horse go; allow me, if you please, to show you a trick worth knowing." "Well," said the groom, "if you can make him go, it's more than I can;" when Mr. McDougall took a piece of whip-cord, which he tied with a firm knot on the end of the animal's ear, which he bent gently down, fastening the end of the string to the check-buckle of the bridle; this done, he patted the horse's neck once or twice, and said, "Now, let me see you go quietly home like a good horse." Astonishing to relate, the horse moved off as gently as if nothing had happened. Mr. McDougall says he has seen in London horses which no manner of force could make go, while this mild treatment was always successful.—*Kelso Chronicle*.

THE cup that is full will hold no more; keep your hearts full of good thoughts, that bad thoughts may find no room to enter.

THE CRY OF THE SUFFERING CREATURES.

BY MARY HOWITT.

Oh that they had pity, the men we serve so truly!
Oh that they had kindness, the men we love so well!
They call us dull and brutish, and vicious and unruly,
And think not we can suffer, but only would rebel.

They brand us and they beat us! They spill our blood like water,
We die that they may live, ten thousand in a day!
Oh that they had mercy! for in their dens of slaughter
They afflict us and affright us, and do far worse than slay.

We are made to be their servants. We know it and complain not;

We bow our necks with meekness the galling yoke to bear;
Their heaviest toil we lighten; the meanest we disdain not;
In all their sweat and labor we take a willing share.

We know that God intended for us but servile stations,
To wit, to bear man's burdens, to watch beside his door;
They of the earth are masters, we are their poor relations,
Who grudge them not their greatness, but help to make it more.

And in return we ask but that they would kindly use us,
For purposes of service, for that which we were made;
That they would teach their children to love and not abuse us,
So each might face the other and neither be afraid.

We have a sense they know not, or else have dulled by learning;

They call it instinct only, a thing of rule and plan;
But oft when reason fails him, our clear, direct discerning
And the love that is within us have saved the drunken man.

If they would but love us, would learn our strength and weakness;

If only with our sufferings their hearts could sympathize,
Then would they see what truth is, what patience is and meekness,
And read our hearts' devotion in the softness of our eyes.

If they would but teach their children to treat the subject creatures

As humble friends and servants who strive their love to win,
Then would they see how joyous and kindly are our natures,
And a second day of Eden would on the earth begin.

Written at Rome, April, 1871.

KILLING FOR AMUSEMENT.

PIGEON SHOOTING.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals may well be content with the progress their principles are making. In England, the press has taken up the subject of pigeon shooting, and does not spare the most distinguished practicers of this paltry "sport." Among them was the heir apparent to the throne, the Prince of Wales, and his brother, the Duke of Edinburgh. The *Daily News* expresses satisfaction that none of the ladies of the royal family were present. The *Saturday Review* adds this comment: "We quite share the satisfaction expressed by the reporter of the *Daily News*, that none of the ladies of the royal family were present; it is rather odd, however, that this modest satisfaction should not be a matter of course. * * * Meanwhile we feel anything but satisfaction that English gentlemen should be indulging in a sport which retains all the cruelty without any of the redeeming qualities of more manly amusements." * * *

Twenty years ago, we remember that the English press chronicled the exploits of the father of these young men, Prince Albert, in what is called in England, a *battue*, in which tame deer are driven into a pen and then shot in a leisurely way, without pursuit, skill or any incident of sportsmanship. Now we may find without difficulty a true criterion. There is something manly and invigorating in the chase. Wild animals are desired for food, and the pursuit of them may form a healthy and exhilarating sport. We are not over-nice in such matters, and have a hearty sympathy with the true sportsman, with gun or angle. But to take tame pigeons, already in the hand of man, and at his disposal, and let them loose

for the purpose of shooting them, is a spurious sport, that has nothing to redeem its cruelty.

"ROYAL" SPORT

The *Saturday Review* thus describes it in England: "What happened on Friday, June 16, appears to be as follows: The Prince of Wales and the Duke of Edinburgh, with twenty companions, went to a field near London. Each distinguished personage presented himself in turn, and took the trouble of raising a loaded gun to his shoulder. A string being pulled, a wretched pigeon walked out of a box. If the bird did not recognize the hostile intentions of the prince, peer or legislator, he was persuaded to fly by means of an india-rubber ball. The distinguished personage fired and slew, mauled or missed him. If he succeeded in mangling the wretched pigeon enough to bring him to the ground within a fence, he scored. If the pigeon got away to die with a broken wing or leg or a crushed beak, the distinguished personage did not score. This performance was repeated two hundred and twenty times, and the twenty-two gallant sportsmen felt that they had done their duty to society. The most distinguished of all appears to have missed steadily; but we may hope that he is consoled by the statement in one of the papers that he hit his birds hard. The pigeons may therefore have had the honor of slowly dying during the week by his august hand. * * * We can only regard it with extreme repugnance, and we imagine that it appears in the same light to all but the initiated. America is supposed to be a land of rowdiness; but in America pigeon-shooting is left to the rowdies,* and we could wish to see it abandoned to the same class in England."

THE TRUE DISTINCTION.

We have ourselves taken an occasional shot, not at the tame pigeons, but at the tame pigeon shooters in America. And lest they may be encouraged by the example of princes, we take pleasure in repeating what the English press says of them. And it is a great advance for the English press to speak out on this subject, for the term "sport" is a mantle that has served to cloak a multitude of sins in England. * * * The true distinction is between killing animals for food, without any unnecessary suffering, and the voluntary protraction of the pursuit and killing of an animal merely for the purpose of amusement. Fox-hunting was once practised to rid the country of a mischievous animal; but the modern fox-hunter breeds or "preserves" foxes for the purpose of hunting them, and when overtaken, the animal is worthless for food. * * * But it is only the sportsman who does find a pleasure in the destruction of animal life. No man ever kills a sheep or an ox, save as a matter of business, not pleasure. An amateur butcher we never met. * * *

KILL, BUT NOT CRUELLY.

It may be justly urged that animals useful to man as food, or noxious to him as vermin, may be pursued and killed; and in the exercise, exhilaration and adventure of the sport the disagreeable part of it, the killing the animal, is merged or forgotten; or it may be ignored, because there is a greater good to man than evil to the animal in its fate. For many animals seem mainly created to be food to other animals; and our domestic fowls, before we devour them, have themselves devoured thousands of worms and insects. Dr. Franklin had his scruples about eating fish removed by finding half a dozen small ones in the stomach of a big fish.

There is nothing fantastic or overstrained in any of the doctrines that have been asserted by the useful societies that have created a humane and wholesome public sentiment on the subject of cruelty to animals. They do not argue that animals should not be killed; they argue that they should be killed without brutality, and treated for our own as well as their interests, in such a manner as not to make their flesh unwholesome. They do not object to the shooting of wild birds to bring them into the possession of man; they object to letting loose 'a bird in the hand' for the mere fun of killing it." * * * —*Philadelphia Age*.

* An English paper says this, and we wish it were true that in America only rowdies practised "pigeon-shooting."

SPEECH OF RECTOR DULITZ.

At the Annual Festival of the Society for the Protection of Animals at Neubrandenburg, Germany, March, 1871.

[Translated for "Our Dumb Animals."]

The society in whose name I have the honor to speak belongs to a far-branching brotherhood, which extends not only over Germany, but all Europe. And this is natural, for its aims do not tend to separate nations, but to bind them together. The protection of animals is not a national but an international affair. * * * * * As I have the happiness and honor of being a German, I will give one instance of German justice by here recalling the service which the French and English have rendered in the protection of animals.

ORIGIN IN FRANCE.

The first movement in the humane efforts which are the aim of our Society, occurred in the time of the first French Republic. In 1802 the National Institute of France proposed a prize essay answering "How far the cruelty practised upon animals affected the moral condition of the people, and whether it was desirable to make laws in relation to it."

Two years afterwards the philosophical essay of Dr. Grandchamp was published, but without immediate practical result. That was accomplished in England sooner than in France, though there also the cause progressed slowly.

ENGLAND.

In 1809 Lord Erskine, in the upper house, proposed a law against cruelty to animals, and on this occasion said the noble words, "There is no truly good breeding or goodness of heart without mercy to animals." But first, thirteen years later, Richard Martin, in the lower house, succeeded in passing a law against cruelty to animals, and two years afterwards he founded the first society for their protection. Thirteen years passed before England's example was followed in Germany.

GERMANY.

Then in 1837 the first German society for the protection of animals was founded at Stuttgart, by the clergyman Albert Knapp, known also as a poet. But the seed once planted in Germany thrived and grew faster than in England or France, especially after Dr. Perner became not only the founder of a society in Munich, but the inspired apostle of the cause for all Germany. Following the example of Perner, our Livonius made also the protection of animals the calling of his life. After he had founded the first Mechenburg society, he labored unweariedly through the foundation of others to disseminate humane ideas, and succeeded so well that in 1865, through his efforts, not less than seven new societies arose. Among these belongs ours, founded on the 21st of February, 1865, by him (Mayor Ahlers), who still is not merely its head, but its soul, and whose personality has made fast and upheld our international union. While he, as its president, is still in full activity, its suggestor and benefactor, Livonius and Perner, rest from their striving and blessed deeds in the grave; but they live still in their works and in our hearts, and we cannot forget their names while every commemorating festival recalls them.

A TRUE WOMAN.—Even in the busiest town, and amid the most absorbing pursuits, the hearts of men turn with an instinctive homage towards those who have brought down and illustrated in their lives the purest precepts of faith.

The life of a true woman reveals to us sources of influence which the world can never give. She may be endowed with a charm of personal loveliness which adds to the attractiveness of her virtues; she may have advantages of wealth and position which give her an opportunity that all cannot have to show her disinterested regard for others; she may have qualities of mind and heart which peculiarly fit her to be the pride and joy of her friends. But these are not the secret of the power which goes from her, through which she creates around her an atmosphere of gentle, benignant affections, while she fills each day the perhaps unacknowledged and unrecognized offices of kindness that make her home a centre of Christian charities and graces.—*Dr. Morrison.*

THE NIGHTINGALE IN PRISON.

[Translated for "Our Dumb Animals" from the Steiermark Monthly.]

When bright the moon from heaven smiles,
And pearls bedew the tender grasses,
A song of praise to God I raise
In the green woods and dark morasses.

What most inspires me and elates
In every season song impelling,
Is the sweet influence love creates,
And all my notes of love are telling.

For dear to me in joy and need
The little mate so true and tender,
And nature made us free indeed
The forest musical to render.

But to monopolize my song
Man seizes and incarcerates me,
And leaves my little mate to mourn,
Who vainly, longingly awaits me.

As if my artless, untaught strains
In prison could be made more tuneful—
Where neither love or nature reigns
How can my notes be else than mournful?

And so I wear my life away
In one long plaintive song of sorrow,
Hoping from dreary walls each day,
That death may bring release to-morrow.

HORSES AND CHURCH-GOING.

What volumes of pulpit eloquence now fall upon attentive ears, that would be wasted upon empty seats, especially in small towns and country churches, were it not for the noble horse! Indeed it is a question whether such churches would not fail entirely were it not for the horse. For he gathers in the people, and brings them their pastor. On this account, if for no other, the horse is entitled to great consideration from the church. Whether this renowned servant and companion of man, entertains very positive convictions and preferences respecting denominational peculiarities, we will not attempt to pronounce. For aught we know, the entire genus is a unit upon all doctrinal questions.

The horse forms an important link in the Gospel chain for drawing men into the kingdom. One broken link in ever-so good a chain renders it useless. Consider then to what purpose it is that men build fine and expensive church edifices, and pay liberal salaries to ministers, if people are not got out to the church to hear? That one broken link renders your whole chain worthless—and the church fails, for want of the right kind of horses. Then, for the sake of all that is good and desirable in the church, get, and keep horses that are available for religious purposes.

And then, see that an ample supply of good, warm and well arranged sheds at the church is provided. Not for horse shedding the brethren—but for the comfort and safety of the horses. This will be no small encouragement to the horses to be regular at church. And then, do not compel the horse to perform the labor of two days on Saturday, because law and custom forbid your doing secular work on Sunday. With a desire and a purpose, the labors of the horse may generally be closed for the week, by Saturday noon. And then, an extra quart of oats on Sunday will teach him to hail the day of worship, with delight.—*Methodist Recorder.*

"HOWEVER, there were certain sacred geese kept near Juno's temple, and at other times plentifully fed; but at this time, as corn and the other provisions that remained were scarce sufficient for the men, they were neglected and in poor condition. This animal is naturally quick of hearing, and soon alarmed at any noise; and as hunger kept them waking and uneasy, they immediately perceived the coming of the Gauls, and running at them with all the noise they could make, they awoke all the guards."—*Plutarch, Life of Camillus.*

JUDGES' DECISIONS.

A leading man of a village pours turpentine upon the hinder skin of a dog. The dog screams with pain, and continues to suffer for hours; but the magistrates decide he has not cruelly ill-treated the animal, dismiss the complaint, and commiserate—whom?—not the dog, but its tormentor.

A gentleman rushes out of his house bearing a heavy stick, with which he smashes the skull of a poor dog who is quietly standing by the roadside. Some one had told him that his own dog was being attacked in the street; arriving at the spot he saw no attack, but only a dog, and that was enough evidence for vengeance in the frame of mind which moved him. The dog had not injured his dog—no one accused it—and least of all did he discover it doing any harm to himself, to his dog or to any one. Unable to restrain his anger, he mutilated the poor animal and left it moaning in the kennel; but did not kill it, for it lingered several days. The magistrates (who assembled in large numbers to hear the case against a gentleman) saw no cruelty in the blow, nor in the neglect to put a wretched creature out of its misery after it had been so frightfully injured.

In a very similar case a gentleman struck a dog with a poker and left it writhing in a pool of blood. His defence was, practically, that he *thought* it might have been a dog that had given him annoyance. This animal was not destroyed, but mutilated; the magistrates excused the accused because, in dealing blows with a poker, he had no intention to be cruel, though he ought to know a poker was not a proper instrument with which to chastise a dog.—*London Animal World.*

[We are glad to say that American judges are every year getting a better appreciation of the rights of animals, and "gentlemen" cannot wantonly abuse an animal without punishment.—*Ed.*]

LEGAL KILLING.—Mr. Bergh thus "lays down the law":

I. A man who is annoyed by cats, dogs or other animals trespassing on his premises and annoying him, may lawfully, after notice to the owner, summarily kill such animals so trespassing. But

II. He has no right to kill them unnecessarily nor in a cruel or inhuman manner.

III. Nor has he first a right to invite and induce them to come on his premises, and then kill them. Any and every such act on his part is malicious in the eye of the law.

These are the legal aspects of the case, but there remains for consideration the moral and humane. This animal, which you seem to regard as not possessing the right to live, was called into being by the same Creator, who gave life to all animated nature.

To destroy capriciously, and without the existence of an absolute necessity, is to question the right of the Deity to create; and it is a wrong inflicted on the civilization of our generation.

CATS.—They are called selfish. We sorrowfully admit that cats are not generous—but we see no evidence of a grasping, avaricious selfishness. They have self-respect. They know instinctively whether they are liked or hated. They hold themselves aloof from strangers, because they have had too much experience of the world's opinion of cats. It is said that a cat will court you, rub against your knee, solicit your hand upon her head, for the mere sake of its own pleasure. As this is an exhibition never permitted in human life, it is no wonder that men are disgusted with it! But our own experience and observation teach us that cats are susceptible of attachments among themselves, toward men, and even toward animals of different species.—*Beecher.*

I HAVE come to the conclusion, if man or woman either wishes to realize the full power of personal beauty, it must be by cherishing noble hopes and purposes; by having something to do and something to live for which is worthy of humanity, and which, by expanding the capacities of the soul, gives expansion and symmetry to the body which contains it.—*Professor Upham.*

Our Dumb Animals.

Boston, August, 1871.

OUR FAIR.

Encouraging reports continue to come in, and new nominations for the General Committee. In consequence of these additions, and some corrections that need to be made, we postpone the publication of the list of the committee till next month. In the meantime let friends send in other names for towns not represented, and also to make a full representation where it is now only partial. Every town ought to do something, and let none decline because they can do but little.

It is our sad duty to record the accidental death of one of our General Committee, Mrs. Chas. T. Tilton, of Boston,—a lady of great worth, and much beloved.

OUR SPECIAL AGENT'S REPORT ON HORSE RAILROAD AND COACH STABLES, gives a full statement from a personal examination and the evidence of employees. We have no reason to doubt the correctness of it. Our Society desires to do exact justice to corporations as well as individuals, but because the report commends the general management of these stables, it must not be inferred that we intend to "whitewash" anybody. If horse-car companies feed well, and give their horses good care, and do not allow them to be beaten, we ought to say so. But we still believe they overload and strain their horses; but the difficulty is in establishing the fact to the satisfaction of a court. We shall do so whenever we can.

The figures in the report show that the horses receive twenty pounds of feed, and are driven sixteen miles per day, occupying three and a half hours. This seems a short distance, but it will be borne in mind that the stopping and starting so many times is fully equal to half as much more. So of the coach horses, in addition to which is the crossing and re-crossing the streets, in passing other teams, which adds very much to the wear and tear of the horses; and they show it. We are glad that so good a report can be made, and hope for a better one each year.

CHECK!

People persist in using short check-reins, some from ignorance, which is lamentable, and some from pride, which is inexcusable. It seems strange that intelligent and educated, even humane men and women will continue thus to give their horses pain, when if any one else should inflict as much upon their pets, their indignation and sympathy would be excited at once.

If the owners and drivers of draft horses exhibited the same common sense about this that they do about all the matters connected with their work, they would see that their interest would be subserved by permitting their horses to do justice to their muscles, which have been given them to be used naturally, and not to be cramped and weakened as they now are.

Our paper is late this month, and until the Fair is over will be likely not to be issued as early in the month as usual.

LEAVE THE MOTHER ONE.

(To the Editor of "Our Dumb Animals.")

"I differ strongly from your correspondent, 'Aunt Dolly,' who writes, in your July number, an article entitled 'A reiterated plea for those who cannot go into the country,' in one particular. While most that she says is excellent, I object very much to drowning all a cat's kittens, and think it very cruel. It is not only that a cat suffers mentally when bereft of her young, for which she entertains a great affection, but she suffers physically also, sometimes to a great extent. I do not know how any kind-hearted person (and I am sure 'Aunt Dolly' is very kind-hearted), who has heard a cat crying and mourning round the house, looking into every nook and corner for her lost darlings, can advocate depriving the mother entirely of her young. Our Society entertains very decided ideas upon this subject, and at our 'dog shelter' our superintendent has instructions always to leave one of the puppies for the mother dog, if it is deemed best to drown the rest. In even the most juvenile of our publications, —the one adapted to children of only five or six years of age, we say in the article headed 'The Kitten,' 'Many little kittens are teased or abused by cruel or thoughtless children, or are turned out of doors to starve. It is more merciful to have kittens drowned before their eyes are open than to treat them in this manner; but we should always leave the mother one, even if we drown the rest, as she suffers so much when deprived of all her little ones.' There are few persons, at all 'fertile in expedients,' who cannot devise some way of finding a home for one kitten among all their friends, provided they cannot keep it themselves, even if they have one to dispose of quite frequently; at any rate, such has been my experience. Very truly yours,

CAROLINE E. WHITE,
Pres. of 'Women's Branch.'

PHILADELPHIA, July 21, 1871.

We quite agree with Mrs. White in her letter, and her sentiments must commend themselves to all; and yet, knowing as we do the humanity of "Aunt Dolly," we must believe that when she used the word "all" she really meant "most of them"; and we think the custom here generally accords with Mrs. White's plea.—[ED.]

TEXAS CATTLE.—I have recently returned from Texas. On the steamer from Indianola to New Orleans there were about a hundred cattle. Before shipment, they were kept in a pen near the landing at Indianola about twenty-four hours, without food or water. They were taken on board Monday noon, and put under the deck, where the ventilation was very poor. They reached New Orleans the next Friday noon, having had no food or water since the previous Sunday noon (five days). The captain told me that it was the uniform custom to carry them from Indianola to New Orleans without food or water, and that on the previous trip, out of a hundred and fifty cattle shipped, about forty died on the passage. Yours truly,

H. B. BRAMAN, of Braman, Shaw & Co.
BOSTON, July 17, 1871.

Texas and Louisiana ought to have a society kindred to ours, and a more effective law.

OUR PAPER TO GENERAL COMMITTEE.—As stated in our July paper, we shall send our paper free for the remainder of the year, commencing with the June number, to such of the General Committee on the Fair as do not receive it as members or subscribers. Ladies failing to receive it will please notify us.

A NEW society has been formed in Lancaster, Pa., Hon. John Warfels, President.

HORSE-CAR AND COACH STABLES.

REPORT OF OUR SPECIAL AGENT.

The following Report is the result of a recent inspection of the car and coach stables and horses in Boston and vicinity.

There has recently prevailed in New York city, in similar stables, a distemper that has proved fatal in a great many cases, and which promised, if long continued, the almost entire depletion of the stock of some of the corporations.

An inspection by Mr. Bergh and by eminent veterinary surgeons, developed the fact that the malady was almost wholly attributable to the bad management of the stables.

For instance, Mr. B. says, that in one stable, containing four hundred horses, he found forty had died, and in a yard reeking with filth seventy cripples were limping about.

In the stable of another line he found the horses without bedding of any kind, and that they were driven a distance of 16 miles per day on ten pounds of corn.

In conclusion, he stated, that he found only one stable that he could commend, and in this the animals appeared to have good care and were fed 17 pounds of grain per day.

This disease has not appeared in Boston, and it has always been a matter of just pride with Bostonians that in no city of the Union do horses show evidence of as good treatment as in their own, and we think that our car stables will prove no exception to the rule.

The Metropolitan Railroad Company owned, on the first day of July, 984 horses (more than any other corporation), distributed among 14 stables, five of the largest of which we have recently visited, viz.:—

Boston Neck, containing 120 horses; Roxbury Crossing, Tremont Street, 115; Norfolk House, 136, and the East and West Lenox Streets, containing respectively 113 and 144 horses.

The larger portion of the above are wooden buildings, which, as a whole, are well lighted, ventilated, &c.

With regard to the feeding, the cleanliness of the stables, the care of the sick and disabled animals, we found nothing apparently wanting.

The superintendent of the stable at West Lenox Street, informs us that the horses in his charge are driven upon an average, three trips of about four miles each per day, occupying less than 3½ hours' time.

Each of these animals receives upwards of 20 pounds of cut feed per day. At the time of our visit there was not a sick horse in the barn.

At the Norfolk House and Roxbury Crossing stables we found none sick, though at the latter 8 or 10 disabled by lameness, were "off duty" undergoing treatment. Three trips per day are made from this stable, one hour and ten minutes being allowed for each. Distance per day, about 15 miles.

At the Neck and East Lenox Street stables we found all well, with one exception. The latter building, was, we thought, much in need of improvement, being situated very low, and much enclosed.

We were informed that the travel of the horses at these stables averaged a little more than those at the others, but never exceeded 4½ hours per day.

In the stable of the South Boston Railroad Com-

pany, on Broadway, some 300 horses are kept, comprising all that are in use upon the road.

The building is of brick, large, light and airy, and the feed provided is about the same as regards quantity, &c., as that provided at the stables before mentioned, but down below, we discovered a horse "bastile" that struck us as being entirely unworthy of the upper portion.

In the centre of a cellar, upwards of 150 feet square, we found an apartment, perhaps 25 by 30 feet, containing seventeen stalls (and at the time of our visit, ten horses), that we considered entirely unfit to be used as a stable.

There are two large doors opening into this "closet," with one or two grated apertures on one side, and the same number of "holes" on the other, through which, whatever light the animals receive is expected to come, except that afforded by two gas burners, which are kept constantly lighted. A ventilator 2½ by 3 feet is relied upon to carry off whatever foul air is generated by the horses, but either the carrying capacity of said ventilator is much overrated, or our visit was made under extremely unfavorable circumstances, for a more pungent odor never assailed our nostrils. It fairly made our eyes water. As this apartment is at least 100 feet from the wall in any direction, and is bounded by huge manure heaps, stagnant water, and by all sorts of rubbish, it is impossible for light or fresh air to reach the horses from the outside. We shall visit this place again.

Of 14 car and coach stables visited, in this instance only did we find horses kept *underground*.

Ten horses were reported sick at this stable, and about 18 disabled.

They are ordinarily driven two trips one day, and three the next, occupying 1 hour and 15 minutes per trip, of about 7 miles each.

We visited three of the stables of the Union Railway Company of Cambridge, in all of which were manifest a system and care that tells well upon the stock.

In the Main Street stable we found 86 horses, and were informed that they had had none sick for a month.

At the Central stable at Harvard Square, where also is located the hospital of the company, we found ten sick ones, and were informed that 15 others, a little out of condition, were "turned out" to recuperate.

This company have now about 550 horses in all, distributed among nine stables, but in the three largest are kept the major portion of the stock.

The number of trips, as on other roads visited, varies according to distance, but none of the horses average 3 hours' work per day.

At the main stable of the Middlesex Railroad Company, at Charlestown Neck (the company have three others) we found some 200 horses, which, as far as can be seen, are as well cared for as were those previously visited.

The main portion of the building is high, well lighted and ventilated, and the same general management seemed to prevail as before found.

At this point, in a building apart from the stables, is located the hospital, in which we found only four "patients."

The average number of hours occupied by the horses in their daily trips will not exceed those on other roads.

The stables of the Lynn and Boston Railroad are located at Chelsea, Revere and West Lynn.

The first named contains 105, the second 52, and the latter 78 horses.

Of the entire number, we found only one sick, and but few disabled by lameness. From the Chelsea stable, each team makes 2 trips, of about 9 miles each, daily, consuming 1 hour and 34 minutes per trip.

From Revere they alternate between 2 trips (of 10 miles each) one day, and 1 the next. The "running time" is from 1½ to 2 hours.

At the Lynn stable are kept the horses that make the trips from Swampscott, the terminus of the road, to that point; also the relays that draw the cars to Revere. These also alternate with 2 trips, of 6 miles each, one day, and 3 the next; and while some of the horses will not average over two hours' work per day, none go over three.

The stables of all the corporations, except the Metropolitan, are visited as often as three times per week by competent veterinary surgeons, whose duty it is to inspect all the horses, and treat such as may need their attention. In the Metropolitan, Mr. Henry, the superintendent, attends to this duty.

The above information is given, as we have repeatedly received it, from employees of the corporations.

The statements we have made may be a matter of surprise to some, especially in regard to the hours of work, and the comparatively small number of sick animals found. Not long since a party at our office, complaining of some cruelty on one of the roads, said, "Why those horses are driven from half-past six in the morning till half-past eleven at night;" and when assured by us that no car-horse in Boston would average over five hours' work per day, could hardly credit it.

J. H. Hathorne runs 30 coaches from Northampton Street to Charlestown Neck,—distance 3½ miles.

The teams are worked 3 trips (occupying 6 hours' time, and making 22½ miles), 4 days out of the week; the other 2 days (no Sunday work) they make 2 trips, of 4 hours' duration, travelling 15 miles, thus averaging for the 6 days, 5½ hours' work per day, of 20 miles.

For this purpose, 215 horses are now kept, 85 of which are spare animals.

Have at present 1 only sick, several badly galled, (not in use)—the result mostly of humor.

The stable is in every respect excellently appointed as regards light, air, ventilation, &c.

The animals are fed during week days on cut feed entirely; on Sundays hay is given.

They are continually being changed, the great difficulty being in finding horses with sufficient "legs" to stand the pavements. One man is employed solely to make and fit collars; one man also whose sole duty is to "wash" those used. In addition to the good care which is apparent at the stable, a veterinary visits the same 3 times per week to attend to sick or disabled animals.

The average weight of the coaches is 2,300 pounds, and when loaded with 30 passengers, at an average of 120 pounds (the weight which the courts have ruled was fair), weigh 5,900 pounds.

As an evidence of the difference in the constitution of the animals, several who were breaking down in their limbs were shown that had not been used 6 months, while others were exhibited that had been on the line since it started,—some 13 years since.

While visiting the stable we were much struck

with the size of the animals, compared with what we feel they should be, in order to perform their work with the same wear and tear as seems to obtain with car horses; for of the two the stage horse has much the harder position to fill, yet in size they suffer by comparison with most car horses driven in Boston. Mr. Hathorne reports his horses to average 975 pounds.

It is not that they work a larger number of hours, but they appear to work harder while been driven.

Notwithstanding the entire absence of anything that would indicate a lack of care or good treatment of his animals, some of the teams make a bad appearance in the street, looking as if tired or worn out; but rarely, however, is a lame animal driven.

The proprietor and his superintendent, claim to be desirous of doing whatever is right as regards the humane treatment of their stock, and desire at any time to receive suggestions or a visit from any one connected with the Society.

In the course of our visits to the various stables we have found much to commend, and in justice to the managers of the different roads and coaches, as a whole, it must be said that they have always shown us every attention, have listened courteously to any suggestions we have had to make, and in a great many cases have removed unfit horses from their roads, put on extra ones at steep grades, &c., &c. But there are evils still existing which we feel are yet to be remedied.

1. Cars and coaches are overloaded. 2. Lame horses are sometimes used. In making this admission we may be charged with coming short of our duty that we have taken no legal measures to prevent it. Experience has demonstrated to us the difficulties in making a case for overloading, which have been fully explained heretofore; but whenever we can, by proper testimony, substantiate a case, we shall be sure to take action.

Our observation has shown us that the lame animals found upon horse-cars, usually driven at night, are those that are spavined. Now we have been assured by competent veterinary authority that some spavined horses may be used without suffering, and that exercise is beneficial, so that the difficulty is to determine just where the cruelty begins and justice to the animal ends.

In many cases to secure a conviction, we must have "expert" testimony, and an abundance of it; and while a child could count the number of blows inflicted upon a certain animal, not one passer-by in a hundred could give such testimony, with regard to the overloading of the same animal, as would have any weight whatever in court; still, with all the obstacles with which we have had to contend, we feel that we have made an impression that is being felt in our streets every day.

Strangers, particularly, comment upon the lack of those scenes of brutality that they were once accustomed to witness in our streets, and an officer of a kindred society in another State, recently wrote as follows:—

"I have this morning shaken from my feet the dust of the city of New York, with no desire ever to visit it again, for I saw, in the half-hour I was there, more suffering among the horses than I witnessed during a stay of four weeks in Boston."

Such testimony from such a source is a matter of just pride and encouragement to us as a society, and is a compliment to corporations and others owning horses in this community.

Children's Department.

"Pointers and Rats."

Mr. Edward Jesse relates, in his last edition of "Gleanings in Natural History," that a gentleman of his acquaintance, who fed his own pointers, observed through a hole in the door a number of rats running about the kennel, some of them eating from the rough trough with the dogs, who made no attempt to molest them, or indicate that their presence was unwelcome. Resolving to shoot the intrusive rats, he, next day, put the food as usual in the area of the kennel, but kept out the dogs. Not a rat came to taste. He saw them peering from their holes; but they were too well versed in human nature to venture forth without the protection of their canine guard. After the lapse of half an hour the pointers were let in, when the rats immediately sallied forth from their places of observation, joined their hosts and dined with them as fearlessly and heartily as usual.

—*Dogs and their Doings*, an English book, for sale by Lee & Shepard.

*"For 'Our Dumb Animals.'"
The Cat's Complaint.*

You'll be surprised to hear from one like me, but O dear! I can't help it. I'm in despair.

We shall starve, I know we shall, if somebody doesn't do something. There are ever so many of us, and we have eaten everything we can find, and caught all the mice, and we are so thin you could almost count our bones, and so weak we can hardly mew.

Pussy Gray crawled up on the third step of the house where she lives, and there she lies, as still as a mouse. A little girl stopped and patted her, and said "Poor Pussy," but she didn't stir. I'm afraid she is dead.

Tabby Smith has four little blind kittens to take care of, and she can't get in where she always keeps her kittens till they get their eyes open; so she has had to make them a nest, as well as she can, under some rubbish in the corner of her yard. There is a piece of newspaper for them to lie on, but it rained last night, and every one of them was sopping wet. They mewed enough to make a body crazy, and no wonder, poor things! Isn't it a shame?

This is the way it was with me. One day every body seemed to be flying about the house, and some men came in and left the door open and a dog ran in and barked at me, so I said to myself, "I'll step out till this stir is over." I went into the yard and up into the horse-chestnut tree, where I often sit, it is so retired and shady. By and by, when I thought it was dinner-time, I came down, and was going into the house, but the door was shut and the windows were shut. I waited patiently for a while, and then mewed for Bridget to let me in. No answer. I climbed up and scratched at the window and listened. Not a sound. I flew round to the front of the house. Every blind closed, and all as still as death. Nothing to eat. Nothing to drink. No milk, no meat, no kind mistress. I sat under the tree and mewed till all the cats in the neighborhood came to see what

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was the matter. The old ones told me that it is always so. (I'm young. This is my first summer.)

The people go away and shut up their houses and leave their cats to take care of themselves! If any one had told me so three months ago, I wouldn't have believed it. Why, my mistress seemed to love me dearly. She even hugged and kissed me, and that is more than I ask of any one. And could I have supposed that she would leave me to starve in this way!

My mother told me once that all they want of you when they seem so kind, is to catch their mice. I have caught their mice, and I have almost never scratched any one.

Kitty Jones, the kind creature, invited us all to go home with her, for the house where she lives is not shut up, and she has more than she can eat. But her kindness was thrown away, for a dog lives there, and he knows Kitty, but doesn't know her friends!

There's one house near here that's open, and there's a bird in a cage at the window. I am so hungry I could almost eat anything, but when I saw that bird I thought I was going to have a feast, but I was mistaken. As soon as the family saw me looking at him, they threw water at me, and drove me away. I supposed then they want to eat him themselves, for

he is as fat as can be, and first rate to eat, but there he is yet, hopping about, and they won't eat him themselves or let me eat him.

I heard Sam, the grocer's boy talking to Bridget one day. He says the horses can have it all their own way now, and they know it. A horse may be as contrary as he pleases, and if you go to whip him just the least mite, somebody comes and says, "Cruelty to animals."

Now, if it is cruelty to animals to whip a horse, what is it to leave a faithful cat to starve? ANNIE MOORE.

A Lesson for Boys.

One day, a fine Newfoundland dog and a mastiff had a sharp discussion over a bone or some other trifling matter, and warred away as angrily as two boys. They were fighting on a bridge; and being blind with rage, as is often the case, the first thing they knew, over they went into the water.

The banks were so high, that they were forced, to swim some distance before they came to a landing-place. It was very easy for the Newfoundland; he was as much at home in the water as a seal. But not so poor Bruce; he struggled and tried his best to swim, but made little headway.

Old Bravo (the Newfoundland) had reached the land, and then turned to look at his old enemy. He saw plainly that his strength was fast failing, and that he was likely to drown. So what should that noble fellow do but plunge in, seize him gently by the collar, and, keeping his nose above water, tow him safely into port!

It was funny to see these dogs look at each other as soon as they shook their wet coats. Their glance said as plainly as words, "We'll never quarrel any more!"—*Presbyterian*.

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS CULMINATING IN MURDER.

—The following anecdote proves the correctness of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts' theory, that humanity should be inculcated in childhood, for the cruel boy too often becomes the cruel man. H. F. was sent to a good mercantile school in an eastern county. He was frequently reprimanded for acts of cruelty to animals, and on one occasion the master, finding his reproofs unheeded, said, in the presence of his pupils, that if H. F. did not reform, he would certainly come to a bad end. The boy became a man, and one day the public mind was greatly shocked by the news of a cold-blooded murder; the perpetrator of the dreadful crime was H. F., his guilt was clearly proved, and he died upon the scaffold. [The names and particulars are given by our esteemed correspondent, to authenticate this remarkable story.]—*Animal World*.

Consider the ravens, for they neither sow nor reap; which neither have store-house nor barn, and God feedeth them.

SAVED BY A HORSE.

Let any man who ever struck a faithful horse in anger read this true story and be ashamed of himself:—

Some years since a party of surveyors had just finished their day's work in the north-western part of Illinois, when a violent snow storm came on. They started for their camp, which was in a grove of about eighty acres in a large prairie, nearly twenty miles from any other timber.

The wind was blowing very hard, and the snow drifting so as nearly to blind them.

When they thought they had nearly reached their camp, they all at once came upon tracks in the snow. These they looked at with care, and found, to their dismay, that they were their own tracks.

It was now plain that they were lost on the great prairie, and that if they had to pass the night there, in the cold and snow, the chance was that not one of them would be alive in the morning.

While they were shivering with fear and the cold, the chief man of the party caught sight of one of their horses—a gray pony known as "Old Jack."

Then the chief said, "if any one can show us our way to camp, out of this blinding snow, Old Jack can do it. I will take off his bridle and let him loose, and we can follow him. I think he will show us our way back to our camp."

The horse, as soon as he found himself free, threw his head and tail into the air, as if proud of the trust that had been put upon him. Then he snuffed the breeze, and gave a loud snort, which seemed to say: "Come on, boys! Follow me; I'll lead you out of this scrape." He then turned in a new direction and trotted along, but not so fast that the men could not follow him. They had not gone more than a mile when they saw the cheerful blaze of their camp fires, and they gave a loud huzza at the sight, and for Old Jack.

HENRY WARD BEECHER'S DOG STORY.—A narrow log lay as a bridge over a ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland and a little Italian greyhound. Of course, they met in the middle; of course, there was not room enough for them to pass; neither could they go back. The height was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. There was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose straight up in the air and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound, as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was silence and seeming confabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shores the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do!

"ZIZZIE," THE SOLDIER'S DOG.—"After dinner," says a correspondent, "we went round some of the wards of the building in which the Anglo-American ambulance has taken up its quarters at Sedan. Here we first saw Captain Borsay, 897 de Ligne, who had a wonderfully faithful dog with him, named 'Zizzie.' It was but eight months old. It followed the regiment till it went into action, and was close to his master when he was shot through the thigh and fell. Captain Borsay presumes the dog continued to follow the regiment, as he saw nothing of him for some hours. He was removed from the field and placed with many other wounded soldiers in a barn at some distance. In the middle of the night he was aroused by 'Zizzie' licking his face. It is astonishing how the dog could, have traced his master through some thousands of wounded. 'Zizzie' has never left him since."

SMILE WHENEVER YOU CAN.

When things don't go to suit you,
And the world seems upside down,
Don't waste your time in fretting,

But drive away that frown;

Since life is oft perplexing,

'Tis much the wisest plan

To bear all trials bravely,

And smile whenever you can.

Why should you dread to-morrow,

And thus despoil to-day?

For when you borrow trouble,

You always have to pay.

It is a good old maxim,

Which should be often preached:

Don't cross the bridge before you,

Until the bridge is reached.

You might be spared much sighing,

If you would keep in mind

The thought that good and evil

Are always here combined.

There must be something wanting,

And though you roll in wealth,

You may miss from your casket

That precious jewel—health.

And though you're strong and sturdy,

You may have an empty purse;

(And earth has many trials

Which I consider worse!)

But whether joy or sorrow

Fill up your mortal span,

'Twill make your pathway brighter

To smile where'er you can.

A DEED AND A WORD.

A little spring had lost its way

Amid the grass and fern;

A passing stranger scooped a well,

Where weary men might turn;

He walled it in, and hung with care

A ladle at the brink;

He thought not of the deed he did,

But judged that Toil might drink.

He passed again, and lo! the well,

By summers never dried,

Had cooled ten thousand parching tongues,

And saved a life beside.

A nameless man, amid a crowd

That thronged the daily mart,

Let fall a word of hope and love,

Unstudied from the heart;

A whisper on the tumult thrown,

A transitory breath—

It raised a brother from the dust,

It saved a soul from death.

O germ! O fount! O word of love!

O thought at random cast!

Ye were but little at the first,

But mighty at the last!

—Charles Mackay.

THANKFULNESS.—If one should give me a dish of sand and tell me there were particles of iron in it, I might look for them with my eyes and search for them with my clumsy fingers, and be unable to detect them; but let me take a magnet and sweep through it, and it would draw to itself the most inevitable particles by mere power of attraction. The unthankful heart, like my finger in the sand, discovers no mercies; but let the thankful heart sweep through the day, and, as the magnet finds the iron, so it will find, in every hour, some heavenly blessings, only the iron in God's sand is gold.—O. W. Holmes.

MISFORTUNES are troublesome at first, but when there is no remedy but patience, custom makes them easy to us and necessity gives us courage.

Stable and Farm.

HARNESSING HORSES CORRECTLY.

When harnessed correctly, a strong horse is a powerful animal; but by an imperfect adjustment of the gearing, many strong teams are shorn of half their strength; and many are often worried more by an improper fit of the harness, or by a decidedly bad attachment to the vehicle they are drawing, than by all the service they perform. But few teamsters have ever been taught how to harness a horse correctly; and fewer still have learned that there is a right way and a wrong way to hitch a team to a carriage. When a harness is taken from the shop, every part should be adjusted to fit the horse that is to wear it.

BACK-BAND.—The back-band should be let out or buckled up, until it will be neither too long nor too short when the animal is drawing a load. Many a good horse has had a large sore made on his back simply because the back-band of the harness was buckled up too far.

BREECHING.—The breeching should also be adjusted properly, so that the horse will not seem like a man in a boy's coat, nor like a colt wearing the harness of a full-grown horse.

COLLAR.—The collar should fit as neatly to the animal's neck as an easy pair of shoes set on one's feet. The collar should never be so long that a man can thrust his arm easily between the neck of the animal and the lower end of the collar. Many horses—especially old ones—when thin in flesh, require collars so small that they cannot be put over the heads of the horses that wear them. It is of eminent importance that the proprietors of teams should see to such minor points; and provide collars that are open at the top or bottom. Every horse should have his own collar and harness as much as every man his own boots and coat.

LINES.—The lines are often adjusted in such a manner, that the heads of both horses are hauled away from each other so far that the team cannot travel easily. At other times their heads are drawn too far inward, toward each other. The lines should be adjusted so that the heads may be held just as far apart as the length of the double whiffletree.

POLE.—When a team is attached to a carriage, or lumber wagon, the breast-straps, stay-chains or neck-yoke should be so adjusted that the pole or tongue cannot strike either horse. The tongue is often allowed to have so much play that it whangs the arms or shoulders of the team with terrible force, when the vehicle is being drawn over rough ways. The neck-yoke straps, or tongue-chains, should be drawn up so as to elevate the tongue between the shoulders, where the lateral jerking or thrusting will be received by the gearing on the necks of the animals, rather than against the unprotected arms or shoulders of the team.—S. E. Todd.

RULES FOR THE CARE OF SHEEP.

(From a circular issued by the American Emigrant Company.)

Keep sheep dry under foot with litter. This is even more necessary than roofing them. Never let them stand or lie in mud or snow.

Drop or take out the lowest bars as the sheep enter or leave a yard, thus saving broken limbs.

Begin graining with the greatest care, and use the smallest quantity at first.

If a ewe loses her lamb, milk her daily for a few days, and mix a little alum with her salt.

Give the lambs a little mill feed in time of weaning.

Never frighten sheep, if possible to avoid it.

Sow rye for weak ones in cold weather, if you can.

Separate all weak, or thin, or sick, from those strong, in the fall, and give them special care.

If any sheep is hurt, catch it at once and wash the wound with something healing. If a limb is broken, bind it with splinters tightly, loosening as the limb swells.

Keep a number of good bells on the sheep.

If one is lame, examine the foot, clean out between the hoofs, pare the hoof if unsound, and apply tobacco with blue vitriol boiled in a little water.

Shear at once any sheep commencing to shed its wool, unless the weather is too severe.

NEW JERSEY.

A correspondent of a Newark paper writes thus:—

Have I or my neighbor power to complain and cause the arrest of a person maltreating animals, and if so, before whom should such complaint be made? I ask those questions from seeing pass through this city numbers of butcher wagons from yours and other cities, bearing lambs and sheep, bound and helpless, in a writhing mass on the wagon bottom. With heads, legs, and bodies even, hanging over the sides and among the wheels, these poor creatures suffer death a thousand times between here and Newark, and then are supposed to furnish from their miserable bruised carcasses, excellent young country veal.

Only this morning two wagons passed through this city en route for Newark, and bearing the name "Baeur, Newark," on their sides, in which some wretched calves were thus inhumanly treated. Tomorrow look out in your markets for Morris county veal; it will be a dainty dish. I learn that these perambulating butchers and peddlers are assisted in tying these wretched creatures and placing them in the wagons by the farmers from whom they purchase them. Another question—is not the farmer equally culpable with the wretch who jaunts them so bound 30 miles? Let some of your humane readers take this matter in hand, and watch the avenues to your city between midnight and daybreak for the arrival of these miscreants who always manage to arrive at your city in the dark. **ANTI-CRUELTY.**

MORRISTOWN, June 29, 1871.

The "Sentinel of Freedom" thus answers the correspondent:—

A law was passed by the legislature of this State in 1868 authorizing the formation of a State Society for the prevention of cruelty to animals. Soon after the passage of this law a State Society was organized, of which Mr. Moses Bigelow, of this city, was chosen president, with power to appoint agents throughout the State. It was the opinion of legal counsel that under this law no person could be punished unless indicted by the grand jury. At the last session of the legislature a law was passed making cruelty to animals a misdemeanor which can be tried before a justice of the peace, and punishable by a fine or imprisonment, one-half of the fine to go to the complainant. Mr. Bigelow is about to appoint a number of agents in Jersey City and other places throughout the State, and has given notice that in any place where an agent is desired he will appoint any person as such who is suitably recommended.

It then gives the provisions of the new law, and says:—

The law also empowers the sheriff to give authority to any agent of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals to arrest all offenders under this act, and bring them before any court or magistrate having jurisdiction in the matter.

SLAUGHTERING ANIMALS.—This is a subject which demands attention. While the subject of cruelty to animals is being discussed, and very properly, the slaying of them may well receive a passing notice. In the multitude of animals slaughtered, very little is known to the consumers of the condition before killing, or of the manner in which it was done. Whatever partakes of cruelty in the act of killing should be scrupulously avoided.

An animal should not be killed while in a high state of excitement, whether it is caused by bodily exercise, fear or anger. The act of killing should always be done in a humane (if this word is applicable) manner. Though all these conditions are understood by butchers, it is not often that they are regarded. There are few persons but that would regret using the meat of a mad bullock, but these are often seen in cities or large slaughter houses, and it is too often the case that these animals find their way to the stall of the retailer.—*Fredonia (N. Y.) Censor.*

MANY lose the opportunity of saying a kind thing by waiting to weigh the matter too long. Our best impulses are too delicate to endure much handling. Speak promptly when you feel kindly.—*Household.*

STORY OF JOHN JOBSON AND HIS RAT.

BY S. H. BROWNE.

JOHN JOBSON lived in a fine new house,
That cost him ten thousand dollars and more—
The pride of his heart, for the plan was his own,
From the grand French roof to the basement floor.

John Jobson was known as a cruel man,
Who never pitied a living thing:
The dog sneaked off if he came in sight,
And the frightened canary ceased to sing.

One day, when his temper was sorely riled
Over sacks fresh gnawed and bins laid waste,
A hoary old rat fell into the snare
Which under some toasted cheese was placed.

"Ha! now I have got you, old villain," he cried,
"No doubt you're the leader of all the clan;
I'll teach you a lesson you'll never forget.

Here, Josephine, bring me the kerosene can!"

Then his wife ran out in a vague alarm,
And the children shuddered and left their play:
"Oh! husband, what are you going to do?
Don't torture the wretched creature, pray!"

"I'll run for old Tabby," said Josephine,
"And I for the terrier Snap," says Ned:
John Jobson glared upon one and all,
And roared like a lion, "Do as I said!"

He drenched with the fluid the writhing rat,
And fired a match on his gray-wool sleeve,
Applied it, and laughed like a fiend the while.
"So now—I give you 'ticket of leave!'"

Away flew the creature, entirely ablaze,
With a shriek so human that Jobson stared!
The next was a moment of dire suspense!
The next John Jobson was thoroughly scared!

And well he might be. The rat had rushed
To the fine new barn like a streak of light!
And the hay and the straw that were stored within
In an instant after were blazing bright!

And still he fled in his mortal pain,
Burning and broiling, beneath the floor
Of the mansion itself, where shavings lay,
That the carpenters left but a month before!

And behold! John Jobson's house and barn,
That had cost him ten thousand dollars and more,
In a dozen places burst out into flame,
'Twixt the grand French roof and the basement floor!

And the whole went down! Not a stick remained;
For the timber was sound and seasoned well,
And the bright fresh paint fed the roaring flames,
'Till, charred and blackened, the structure fell!

Independent.

A SUGGESTION TO AGRICULTURAL SOCIETIES.—The enterprise of our national, State and local agricultural societies has done much to benefit the farmers and the community, by improving stock, bringing labor-saving machinery into notice, and making those interested in the science of the soil familiar with new methods of tillage. But there is one feature yet lacking, one want to be supplied. There should be a forge at every agricultural fair this fall, and horse-shoers should be induced to show their knowledge and receive the premiums which their skill may entitle them to. One-half of the lame horses throughout the country are made so on account of bad shoeing, and the loss of the labor of a horse makes up a considerable item in the sum total of the wealth of a nation. Such competition would be of vast benefit to every owner of a horse, and the information that the trial would elicit could not fail to be interesting. If once introduced we feel certain that it would prove a most attractive feature of our New England agricultural gatherings.—*Westfield News.*

VERMONT

Has been represented to need no improved law in regard to cruelty to animals. The last two legislatures, although appealed to, have failed to act. The following from the "Rutland Herald," shows that Vermont ought to stand with the other New England States, and organize and work:—

"While walking in the outskirts of Fairhaven, my attention was attracted to a passing horse which was harnessed to a buggy, and which kept turning its head continually to one side. The stupid man who was driving, not seeing the cause, began to whip the poor brute unmercifully. The horse then balked and refused to go. As rapidly as possible, I went forward to point out to the man the cause of the difficulty, which ought to have been apparent to the most ordinary intelligence. The lines had caught in a buckle at the side of the animal's head, and the strain being greater on that side of the bit, the horse naturally kept turning in that direction. Before I could get near enough to make myself heard, the driver got out, and after kicking the poor brute in a way that must have injured it greatly, he struck it over the head with the stock of his whip until the blood poured out of its nose, and it staggered until I thought it would fall. In response to my expostulations I received nothing but oaths. The rein was adjusted, however, and the man drove off, with a horse that I hope death has delivered from a brutal owner. I regret to say that the man was evidently an American farmer, and the reason that his name does not appear here in full is that I was not fortunate enough to learn it."

AN APPEAL TO BUTCHERS.

The Birmingham Branch of the Royal Society of England have issued the following appeal, which may be read in America with profit:—

From the numerous complaints made of late to this Society of cruelties inflicted upon animals intended for slaughter, the Executive are induced to address the Master Butchers and others, with a view to the mitigation of these cruelties.

It is by no means the wish of the Committee to cast imputations upon the Master Butchers of the town, for they are aware of the sympathy felt in the objects of the Society by many of them, who, to encourage it, have enrolled themselves as members of the Association. Their object is to bring the question of the treatment of animals prominently under the notice of Masters, so that in future, greater care may be observed in the selection of persons to whom the driving and slaughtering of animals is entrusted. It is to be feared that in too many instances reckless and inexperienced persons are engaged for this important work, at whose hands, and out of sight of their employer, acts of a most cruel description are daily perpetrated upon helpless and unoffending animals.

Subject to inconsiderate treatment in transit, packed together with scarcely space to breathe, or driven long distances; perhaps kept days without food or water, they often reach the slaughter-house to be tormented by thoughtless youths, and improperly killed by inexperienced assistants. Given, as they are, by a bountiful Providence to die that man may be nourished, and unable to utter complaint—for want of speech—a feeling of compassion rather than of anger should be manifested toward them.

The Society feels assured that this appeal to Butchers will not be made in vain, and that it may calculate upon their cooperation with its officers in preventing the infliction of cruelty or unnecessary pain upon any living thing. Its anxiety is rather to prevent cruelty than to punish for its commission.

Complaints have been made of the cruel practice of plucking fowls while they are alive, it is hoped that Poulterers will discountenance such a practice, and assist the Society in their efforts to stamp out so revolting a custom.

KINDNESS is the music of good will to men; and on this harp the smallest fingers may play heaven's sweetest tunes on earth.

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